

See First Society

MORNING



SATURDAY

VISITOR.

E. CAMERON & L. J. RITCHEY.]

Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain,

Unaw'd by influence, unbribed by gain.

[EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.]

VOL. IV

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Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions required, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisers by the year will be confined strictly to their business.

Candidates announced for \$3 00.

POETICAL.



A young lady of New York was in the habit of writing for the Philadelphia Ledger, on the subject of Temperance.—Her writing was so full of pathos, and evincing such deep emotion of soul, that a friend of hers accused her of being a fanatic on the subject of temperance; whereupon she wrote the following lines:—*Louisville Weekly Messenger.*

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt
And the cold world's proud scorn:
Then suffer on from year to year—
Thy sole relief the scorching tear.
Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray—
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay,
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers burlesqu'd, your tears defied
Go weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall—
See every promised blessing swept—
Youth's sweetest turned to gall—
Life's fading flowers strew'd all the way—
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man bowed—
With gnashing teeth—lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go catch his withering glance, and see
There mirrored, his soul's misery.

Go to thy mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide;
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear;
Mark her worn frame and wither'd brow;
The gray that streaks her dark hair now:
With fading frame and trembling limb;
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth,
Promis'd eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the cursed cup;
And led her down, through love and light,
And all that made her prospects bright;
And chain'd her there, 'mid want & strife:
That lowly thing a drunkard's wife—
And stamp'd on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight, the drunkard's child!

Go hear, and feel, and see, and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known;
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
See if its beauty can atone—
Think if its flavor you will try!
When all proclaim 'tis drink and die!
Tell me I HATE the bowl—
Hate is a feeble word.
I LOATHED—ABHOR—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred—
When I see, or hear, or tell,
Of this dark BEVERAGE OF HELL!

Will Recovered.—An old fellow in Baltimore, named David Hutton, lately died and left \$30,000 to his boon table companions, cutting off his blood relatives with a dollar each. It was proved that he was too fond of the whiskey bottle, and the case being brought to trial, the jury set aside the will, and ordered the money to be refunded to the rightful heirs. A just decision.—*Excelsior.*

From the New World. A LOVE-STORY REALIZED.

[We have given this title to our present Romance, because it is really like a "thing in a book." It might appear with advantage as an elegant fiction in an annual, or in any other medium through which the "course of true love" does occasionally "run smooth."]

Civet, in the Netherlands, is in a manner joined to Charleroi, excepting that it is outside the fortifications. It stands upon the Meuse in a wonderfully pleasant situation; but after residing there for three months in Ardennes during the winter, the first appearance of anything like cultivated country in the opening of spring, and on a fine day as this was, might seem somewhat beyond its real deserts. "Charleroi! Charleroi!" I repeated to myself several times, when having inquired the name of the town on the other side of the bridge, I was answered "Charleroi." I felt that it was associated in my mind with some past incidents; but what they were, I was at first unable to recall. Suddenly it broke upon me, and I was sitting with Durand and Elize, in the saloon at Avignon. Poor fellow! said I, aloud; for somehow or other I was firmly persuaded he had been killed at Waterloo. But before proceeding, let me go back several years, to give the reader information that may increase his interest in what I am about to relate.

I was sitting upon one of the high grounds on the road between Aix and Avignon, looking down upon the latter city, and buried in a deep reverie, not connected with Petrarca and Laura, but in which the history of the Popes was passing before me, when a step close behind broke the lengthened link of images, that like wave on wave had floated on the sea of fancy. It was a French officer who, with many apologies, hoped he had not disturbed the reverie of Monsieur. The interruption was rather in discord with the tone of my mind; but through the tinsel of French manner I thought I could discover something beyond glitter; & it has ever been my rule in foreign travel, to encourage rather than repel the advance of strangers. I accordingly answered with that courtesy I was master of,—and we sat down upon the brow of the hill together. The secrets of a Frenchman, especially those in whose disclosure vanity may glean a little harvest, are seldom very closely guarded; and I was soon master of his budget. He was quartered at Aix, and was thus far on his road to Avignon, to see the sweetest girl in all France, by whom he was tenderly beloved, and *jeune comme un ange*. He possessed, he said, a small independence in the north, near Charleroi, and was to be united to Elize in a few weeks. I, in my turn, told him I was an Englishman, and a traveller *pour plaisir*,—that I had come last from Lyons and intended remaining a week at Avignon and in the neighborhood, before taking the road to Nice. We descended to the city together; and speedily found accommodation near the site of the people's dilapidated palace. My friend pressed me to accompany him to the house of Elize, who he assured me would be charmed to see me; but I excused myself on the score of fatigue, promising, however to pay my respects the next morning. During the few days that succeeded my arrival at Avignon, Monsieur Durand was my constant companion. He carried me to be introduced to his bride-elect, whom I found to be very far superior to the generality of French women; and I was daily indebted to her, and her amiable family, for the greater of the pleasure I found at Avignon.

One morning, about a week after our arrival, I was surprised by the unexpected entrance of Monsieur Durand, for I supposed him to be at that time some leagues distant with a party to which I had been invited, but which I had declined joining, owing to my preparations for setting out on the morrow. I was certain something important had brought Monsieur Durand—though from his countenance I was quite unable to guess whether he came to communicate good or evil. He had just received a summons to repair instantly to Aix, to march with the troops to which he belonged, and join the army destined to oppose the progress of Napoleon—the news of whose disembarkation at Frejus had reached Aix but a few hours before.

"My union with Elize," said he, "must be postponed for a little, until"—here he checked himself; but when I glanced at the cross of the legion of honor and the medal upon which were inscribed "Jena" and "Austerlitz," I had no difficulty in comprehending the cause of his hesitation. It would perhaps have been difficult for himself to tell whether *Pamour*, or recollections of *la gloire*, were at that moment the more predominant. I parted from him with regret because he was of a

kind and generous nature—and with no expectation of being ever again thrown in his way; and when a few months afterwards I learned the event of the fatal strife, in which so many of his countrymen had fallen, I felt a severe pang for the probable fate of the open-hearted Frenchman.

Let me now return to Charleroi. It was a lovely evening, and when I had taken some refreshment, I left my abode to stroll a little way into the country.—Chance led me to the banks of the Meuse, and as there could be no pleasanter path than by a river side, I followed that which led by the stream. When I had proceeded about two miles, as near as I could guess, and when just about to retrace my steps, upon a sudden turning, I came in sight of a cottage which for beauty I had never seen equalled; it stood about a hundred yards from the river, with a garden sloping down to the stream. The cottage was cream colored, of one story only, and almost completely covered with the jasmine tree. The garden was one blow of early spring flowers: arbutus, polyanthus, primroses, daffodils, and many others which my botanical knowledge does not permit me to name. I thought I had never beheld a spot of more sweet retirement, or one that I could more agreeably live in all my days. I was standing gazing upon it, thinking how happy its inmates might probably be, and had laid my hand upon the little wicket gate that led up the garden, merely by way of resting my arm, when the door of the cottage opened, and a lady and then a gentleman appeared. I recognized them in a moment: it was Durand and his Elize.

We hear much commonplace talk about the insincerity of the French: I wish to God all the world had half the sincerity of the French colonel at Civet. It has been my lot often to meet with a kind reception from strangers, and therefore it is that I think more favorably of mankind than misanthropes would make us believe mankind deserves to be thought of. This colonel had been rising rapidly in the French army, rising to power and riches; but through the intervention of my country, his master had been humbled, the army to which he had belonged beaten, and he had to endure the humiliation of seeing an English guard mounted at the palaces of his king; yet if I had been directly instrumental in making his fortune, I could not have been received with greater kindness; but indeed, after I had passed a night under his roof, it seemed to me that he had but little to regret in the fall of his patron, and he appeared to feel no regret. Living in a beautiful country, in his own cottage, with wealth and seeming competence, blessed with the endearments of a domestic life—an affectionate wife and two sweet children, could he regret that the clang of arms had passed away? Glory could indeed no more circle his brows with the wreath of victory; but peace might be around him, and the interchange of affection and kind offices might hallow his name, and light him through all the journey of life.

"My income," said he "is 3000 francs a year (£120 sterling.) Half of that sum is my pay, and the other half is the interest of my wife's fortune. I have the cottage besides; I have all I desire; we live as we wish to live. There are my books—*viola mes livres*," said he; "not many, but choice. Here are my music books; Josephine and I sing duets. I work in my garden, from which we have fruit, and flowers and vegetables, as many as we desire. I have a little horse in my stable; sometimes I ride him, and then I walk beside her. I have a boat on the river, and in warm evenings we row out together, and sometimes we take little Henri; Mathilde is too young. And at Charleroi I have one or two friends whom I see sometimes. I live nearly a thousand francs within my income, so that I have no cares. For every deserving stranger, I have a bed, and a place at my table.—You see how we live," added he, (the conversation happening during dinner,) "stay with me as long as it is agreeable to you. We will make you as comfortable as we can; and when you go away, do not forget the cream-colored cottage at Civet, and never pass without fifty miles of us without coming to see us."

Josephine looked all that her husband said; and though it would be absurd to suppose any real sympathy between persons who knew so little of each other as myself and my entertainer, and yet after having been, during many months alone, this address made me feel my loneliness the more, and made me begin to doubt if nature had designed me for solitude. We cordially shook hands at parting, and I stepped into the boat which was to glide down the river.

I mentioned in the first chapter, I think, that this register is written from memory; I cannot, therefore, tell more than I recollect; and it is odd enough, that my memory as I will, I cannot recall anything

of what I either saw or thought of between Civet and Namur. I have nothing more than the recollection of gliding down the stream in a sunny day, and seeing picturesque banks. I think I was occupied in some vague dream about human happiness, but I am very sure that I came to no conclusion any way.

ETIQUETTE.

Western people go to their death on etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies, as you can down East, without fighting. A few days ago, a man was telling two of his neighbors, in my hearing, a pretty large story. Says I, "stranger, that's a whopper." Says he, "lay there stranger!" and in the twinkling of an eye I found myself in the ditch, a perfect quadruped, the worse for tear and wear. Upon another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed him, "that isn't a specimen of your Western women is it?" Says he, "you are afraid of the fever and ague, stranger, aren't you?" "Very much," says I. "Well," replied he, "that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologise in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols," which he held cocked in his hand, "shall cure you of the disorder entirely—so don't fear stranger!" So I knelt down and apologised. I admire the Western country much, but curse me if I can stand so much etiquette, it always takes me so unawares.

We are free to confess that all the moral "strenth and beauty" of *Masonry*, *Odd Fellowship*, and the *Sons of Temperance* are borrowed from the Bible. It must also be admitted that in so far as they reflect the light of the Bible, they aid the cause of true religion. One more truth must be admitted. These moral institutions embrace and reform a portion of our population which cannot be directly reached by the church. If then, they place a portion of our population in the reach and under the influence of the church which could not otherwise be reformed and saved without a miracle, (and the days of miracles have passed) surely every one must see that just so far as they oppose and hinder our work, they oppose and hinder the salvation of a portion of our population. We reason in view of facts. And facts are stubborn things. Let those who oppose and hinder our glorious reform, remember that it is a fearful thing to be found fighting against God.

Let all the churches come to our help in our country's rescue, till our work is complete. Then the existence of the Order will no longer be necessary. "If it be of God, it will prosper. If of man, it will come to naught."—*Tennessee Organ.*

THE LOST MAN.

Quite a sensation was produced at the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Mr. P. J. How, of this village, at Buffalo, on Thursday evening last. He went to Buffalo with his wife, to attend the Fair, and in the evening stepped out from the house where he had taken lodging, informing his wife that he should return in a few minutes. Night wore away, and morning came, but he did not appear—fearful anxiety was awakened, diligent enquiry commenced, the City Crier perambulated the streets, but all to no purpose, and thus matters remained in a state of painful suspense, until Saturday, when behold the lost man made his appearance!

It turned out that on leaving his wife, he stepped on board a steamboat lying at the dock; and while absorbed in conversation with a friend, away went the boat, and the first landing place Mr. How found was at Cleveland, Ohio. He lost no time in returning, and the next time he steps on board for a moment, no doubt he will heed the cry, "All ashore, that's going!" *Batavia (N. Y.) Times.*

A Yard of Pork.—In a neighboring town in which they were building a railroad, a party of Irishmen, who were employed there, went to the store of a real live Yankee and thinking they would show a specimen of Irish wit, one asked for "a yard of pork," whereupon the Yankee deliberately cut off three pigs' feet, and handed them to the Irishman. Pat sat at first understanding the joke, asked, "And sure and is that what you would be after calling a yard of pork?" "Certainly," replied the Yankee, coolly, "don't you know that in this country three feet make a yard?" *Doyle's Weekly.*

Salt Rock.—The Rock, 300 miles westwardly from Fort Gibson, is, according to the Santa Fe Republican, a great curiosity. This salt is as white and fine as table salt, and can be obtained with as little labor as scraping up sand.

Few things are in themselves impracticable. It is for want of application, rather than means, that men fail of success.

GENTLE WORDS AND LOVING SMILES.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew, the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light,
Of autumn's opening hour—
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But, oh! if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth.

Translated from the French:
THE FOUR HENRYS.

It was on a gloomy dismal evening, the rain falling in torrents, that an old woman, who passed in the neighborhood for a sorceress, and who inhabited a poor cottage in the forest of Saint-Germain, heard some one knocking at her door; she opened it, and saw a gentleman who demanded her hospitality; she placed his horse in a stable, and bade him enter. By the light of a smoky lamp, she saw that he was a young man, whose habit bespoke his quality. The old woman lighted a fire and demanded if he desired something to eat. A stomach of sixteen years, like a heart of the same age, is very eager and not very choice. The young man accepted her offer. A scrap of cheese and a piece of brown bread were brought from the closet. It was all the provision she possessed.

"I have nothing more," said she to the young man; the tithes, taxes, and exactions disable me from offering anything else to travellers; besides, the rustics of the neighborhood call me sorceress, and devote me to the devil, in order to deprive me, without injury to their consciences, of the products of my poor field.

"Pardieu!" exclaimed the gentleman; "if I should ever become king of France, I would suppress the imposts, and cause the people to be instructed."

"May God help you!" said the old woman. At these words the young gentleman approached the table to eat; but at the same moment a new knock at the door stopped him. The woman opened the door and saw another gentleman; pierced through with the rain, who demanded shelter. This being granted him, he entered and sat down.

"Is it you, Henry?" said the one.
"Yes, Henry," said the other.

Both were called Henry. The old woman learnt, by their conversation, that they belonged to a numerous hunting party, conducted by Charles IX., which had been dispersed by the storm.

"Have you nothing else to give us?" demanded the second comer.
"Nothing," replied she.

"In that case," said he, "let us share it."

This thought arose in his mind, though he did not dare to express it. "Let us share it, for fear he will take it all." They now seated themselves opposite one another, and already one was about to cut the bread with his dagger, when a third knock was heard at the door. The rencontre was singular: this was also a young gentleman, and also a Henry. The old woman began to consider them with surprise. The first wished to conceal the bread and cheese; the second replaced them upon the table, and placed his sword by their side. The third Henry smiled.

"You do not wish to give me any of your supper," said he; "I can wait, for I have a good stomach."

"The supper," said the first Henry, "belongs of right to the first occupant."

"The supper," said the second, "belongs to him who knows best how to defend it."

The third Henry became red with anger, and said haughtily:

"Perhaps it belongs to him who knows best how to conquer it." These words were hardly spoken, when the first Henry drew his dagger, and the other two their swords. As they were on the point of beginning a combat, a fourth knock was heard at the door, a fourth young man, a fourth gentleman, a fourth Henry was introduced. At the sight of the naked swords, he draws his, places himself by the side of the most feeble, and heedlessly begins the attack. The old woman conceals herself in terror, and the swords destroy every thing with which they come in contact.

they come in contact. The lamp falls, is extinguished, and each strikes in the dark. The noise of the swords lasts for some time, then gradually diminishes, and finally ceases altogether. The woman then leaves her hiding place, lights her lamp, and sees the four men extended on the floor, each with a wound. She examines them: fatigue had disabled them more than the loss of blood. They rose one after the other, and, ashamed of what had just happened, they began to laugh and exclaim:

"Come, let us sup in friendship, without bearing resentment."

But when they went to look for their supper, they found it on the floor, trodden under foot, and covered with blood. As coarse as it was, they greatly regretted it. On the other side, the cottage was devastated, and the old woman, seated in a corner, fixed her dark eyes upon the four young men.

"Why do you look at us so?" demanded the first Henry, who felt troubled at her glance.

"I am reading your destinies written upon your foreheads," replied the old woman.

The second Henry commanded her, harshly, to reveal to them what she saw; the two last began laughing.

The old woman replied: "As you four have been re-united in this cottage, so you will all four be re-united in the same destiny. As you have trodden under foot and soiled with blood the bread that hospitality has offered you, so will you trample under foot and soil with blood the power that you will hereafter share; as you have devastated and impoverished this chamber, so will you devastate and impoverish France; as you have all four been wounded in the dark, you will all four perish by treason and by a violent death."

The four young gentlemen could not prevent themselves from laughing at the prediction of the old woman.

These four gentlemen were the four heroes of the league; two as its chiefs, two as its enemies.

Henry of Conde, poisoned at Saint-Jean-d'Angely by his wife.

Henry of Guise, assassinated at Blois by the forty-five.

Henry of Valois, (Henry III.) assassinated by Jacques Clement at St Cloud.

Henry of Bourbon, (Henry IV.) assassinated at Paris by Ravaillac.

The Old Woman with the Chestnuts.—"Do you want some nice chestnuts?" said an old woman at one of the relays. "Do you go for Taylor, madam?" "Yes; you by a pinch chestnuts and I'll go for Taylor."

"But, suppose I go for Cass?" "Oh! well it makes no difference so you buy the chestnuts. Cass is a general, and Taylor is a general, and they are both dead set again free niggers; so they are about even." "But suppose I go for Van Buren, madam?" "Then, sir, you can't have the chestnuts, I don't gather my chestnuts for free niggers, no how."

It is stated that upwards of 50,000 people will shortly emigrate to California from the State of Kentucky alone.

Yankee Cogness.—A duelist, who fancied himself insulted by a Yankee who had won the affections of his lady-love, left the room with the ominous words:

"You will hear from me, sir!"
"Well do so!" replied the Yankee, 'glad on't; write once in a while; I shall be glad to hear from you as often as you have a mind to let us know how you get along."

Defining His Position.—"Get up—get up!" said a watchman to a chap who fallen a grade below the door sleepers, and who had taken a lodgement in the gutter, "your mat not lie here." "Lie! you're another, you lie yourself! N-n-not lie here! I tell you wh-what, oh! fellow; that may do to t-t-tell in them Slave States, but I'll let you know," said the agrarian, spouting out a mouthful of mud, "that this is free soil."

An exchange paper tells us to look out for spurious coin.—Can't afford it, half cut time is employed now in hunting enough of the genuine, to satisfy the demands of an ordinary appetite.